THE AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF
MODERN POETRY

GILBERT MURRAY

LONDON: ERNEST BENN LTD.
BOUVERIE HOUSE, FLEET STREET

The Augustan Books of English Poetry

(Second Series)

Edited by Humbert Wolfe

1 JOHN DONNE
2 GEORGE HERBERT
3 FRANCIS THOMPSON
4 W. B. YEATS
5 HAROLD MONRO
6 ROSE MACAULAY
7 ARTHUR WALEY, POEMS FROM THE CHINESE
8 POEMS FROM THE GREEK
9 POEMS FROM THE LATIN
10 EDWARD G. BROWNE, POEMS FROM THE PERSIAN
11 POEMS FROM THE IRISH
12 JOHN SKELTON, MODERNIZED BY ROBERT GRAVES
13 POEMS FROM BOOKS, 1927 (THOMAS MOULT)
14 THE LESS FAMILIAR NURSERY RHYMES (ROBERT GRAVES)
16 CHARLES AND MARY LAMB (MARK PERUGINI)
17 EPITAPHS (HON. ELEANOR BROUGHAM)
18 CHRISTMAS CAROLS (D. L. KELLEHER)
19 WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (H. W. GARROD)
20 GERALD GOULD
21 SYLVIA LYND
22 D. H. LAWRENCE
23 S. T. COLERIDGE (HAROLD MONRO)
24 POEMS FROM THE FRENCH (*translated by* H. W. GARROD)
25 EDMUND SPENSER (JAMES STEPHENS)
26 BYRON (JAMES STEPHENS)
27 DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
28 GORDON BOTTOMLEY
29 SACHEVERELL SITWELL
30 TRANSLATIONS FROM DANTE (LAURENCE BINYON)

Compilers' names are indicated in brackets after the title.

GEORGE GILBERT AIMÉ MURRAY

Born Sydney, N.S.W., January 2, 1866; educated Merchant Taylors School and St. John's College, Oxford; Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.

Acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Allen and Unwin.

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIV. LIBRARY
BLOOMINGTON, IL 61702-2899

PR
6025
.U74
A17
1926

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE FLYING FAWN -	*Bacchae* (*Euripides*) -	5
THEKLA'S DREAM -	- - -	6
THE ROSE - -	- - -	6
SONG OF ORESTES -	*Andromache* - -	7
WOMAN'S DAY - -	*Medea* (*Euripides*) -	7
HELEN AND THE TROJAN WAR - - -	*Agamemnon* (*Aeschylus*) -	8
ORESTES AFTER VENGEANCE - -	*Choephoroe* (*Aeschylus*) -	10
THE FURIES BLESS ATHENS	*Eumenides* (*Aeschylus*) -	13
MESSENGER'S SPEECH: THE BACCHAE ON THE MOUNTAIN - -	*Bacchae* (*Euripides*) -	15
OEDIPUS SELF-BLINDED -	*Oedipus* (*Sophocles*) -	18
LOVE, THE UNWORSHIPPED	*Hippolytus* (*Euripides*) -	19
FAREWELL TO ALCESTIS -	*Alcestis* (*Euripides*) -	20
AFTER THE FIRST SIN -	*Electra* (*Euripides*) -	21
TROY TWICE WRECKED -	*Trojan Women* (*Euripides*)	22
THE EXILES - -	*Iphigenia* (*Euripides*) -	23
HOMEWARD BOUND -	*Iphigenia* (*Euripides*) -	23
ZEUS - - -	*Agamemnon* (*Aeschylus*) -	25
THE ETERNAL LAWS -	*Oedipus* (*Sophocles*) -	26
THE HOME OF THE SPIRIT	*Bacchae* (*Euripides*) -	26
ESCAPE - - -	*Hippolytus* (*Euripides*) -	27
NOTES - - -	- - -	29
BIBLIOGRAPHY - -	- - -	30

The Flying Fawn

WILL they ever come to me, ever again,
The long, long dances,
On through the dark till the dawn-stars wane?
Shall I feel the dew on my throat, and the stream
Of wind in my hair? Shall our white feet gleam
In the dim expanses?
Oh, feet of a fawn to the greenwood fled,
Alone in the grass and the loveliness;
Leap of the hunted, no more in dread,
Beyond the snares and the deadly press!
Yet a voice still in the distance sounds,
A voice and a fear and a haste of hounds;
O wildly labouring, fiercely fleet,
Onward yet by river and glen . . .
Is it joy or terror, ye storm-swift feet? . . .
To the dear lone lands untroubled of men,
Where no voice sounds, and amid the shadowy green
The little things of the woodland live unseen.

What else is Wisdom? What of man's endeavour
Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;
And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?

Happy he, on the weary sea
Who hath fled the tempest and won the haven.
Happy whoso hath risen, free,
Above his striving. For strangely graven
Is the orb of life, that one and another
In gold and power may outpass his brother.
And men in their millions float and flow
And seethe with a million hopes as leaven;

And they win their Will, or they miss their Will,
And the hopes are dead or are pined for still;
But whoe'er can know,
As the long days go,
That To Live is happy, hath found his Heaven!

Thekla's Dream

SOMEONE at midnight stood beside my bed
And laid a hand upon my breast, and said:
"Awake, beloved; I have need of thee."

And I said: "Dear, what is it?" And my eyes
Strove with the darkness, but I dared not rise
Lest I should lose the hand that weighed on me.

"Rise up, O Love, and get thee forth and die
That I may live, nor seek to ask me why,
Seeing that thou art thou and I am I.
I have no way but this, no help but thee."

And then he kissed me on the cheek and brow
And eyes and lips, and I am going now
Out in the dark to die, I know not how:
And all is better than I dreamed could be.

The Rose

SHE walked in the morning air
When the sun was happy and high;
A white rose fell from her hair;
She saw and she passed it by.

And I thought: "Shall I bow my head
For a thing cast lightly away?"
"I will stoop for her," I said,
"But not for a dead rose-spray."

And back in the print of her feet
I came amid winds and snows,
And I kissed the stones of the street.
But where was the rose, the rose?

Song of Orestes in his Enemy's Hall

LORD of man's hope, whom no man worshippeth,
Heart of his fears and burden of his breath,
Queller of hate and love, hear, O most high,
Most wrathful and unrighteous, hear, O Death!

O Light and Shadow of all things that be,
O Beauty deep with wonder, like the Sea,
Say who shall win thee, thou without a name?
O Helen, Helen, who shall die for thee?

Woman's Day

BACK streams the wave on the ever-running river:
Life, life is changed and the laws of it o'ertrod.
Man shall be the slave, the affrighted, the low-liver!
Man hath forgotten God.
And woman, yea, woman, shall be terrible in story:
The tales too, meseemeth, shall be other than of yore.
For a fear there is that cometh out of Woman and a glory,
And the hard hating voices shall encompass her no more!

The old bards shall cease, and their memory that lingers
Of frail brides and faithless, shall be shrivelled as with fire.
For they loved us not, nor knew us: and our lips were dumb, our fingers
Could wake not the secret of the lyre.
Else, else, O God the Singer, I had sung amid their rages
A long tale of Man and his deeds for good and ill.
But the old World knoweth—'tis the speech of all his ages—
Man's wrong and ours: he knoweth and is still.

Helen and the Trojan War

PARIS to Argos came;
Love of a woman led him.
So God's altar he brought to shame,
Robbing the hand that fed him.

(*Helen's flight; the visions seen by the King's seers.*)

She hath left among her people a noise of shield and sword,
A tramp of men armèd where the long ships are moored;
She hath ta'en in her goings desolation as a dower;
She hath stept, stept quickly, through the great gated Tower;
And the thing that could not be, it hath been!

And the seers they saw visions, and they spoke of strange ill:
"A palace, a palace; and a great king thereof;
A bed; a bed empty, that was once pressed in love:
And thou, thou, what art thou? Let us be, thou so still;
Beyond wrath, beyond beseeching, to the lips reft of thee!"
For she whom he desireth is beyond the deep sea,
And a ghost in his castle shall be queen.

Images in sweet guise
Carven shall move him never.
Where is Love amid empty eyes?
Gone, gone for ever!

(*Menelaus' dreams and suffering; but the War he made wrought wider suffering.*)

But a shape that is a dream, 'mid the phantoms of the night,
Cometh near, full of tears, bringing vain, vain delight:
For in vain when, desiring, he can feel the joy's breath—
Nevermore! Nevermore!—from his arms it vanisheth,
Like a bird along the wind-ways of sleep.

In the mid castle hall, on the hearthstone of the Kings,
These griefs there be, and griefs passing these,
But in each man's dwelling, of the host that sailed the seas,
A sad woman waits: she hath thoughts of many things,
And patience in her heart lieth deep.

Knoweth she them she sent,
Knoweth she? Lo, returning,
Comes in stead of the man that went
Ashes and dust of burning.

(*The return of the funeral urns; the murmurs of the people.*)

And the Gold-Changer, Ares, who changeth quick for dead,
Who poiseth his scale 'mid the striving of the spears,
Back from Troy sendeth dust, heavy dust, wet with tears,
Sendeth ashes with men's names in his urns neatly spread.
And they weep over the men, and they praise them one by one,
How this was a wise fighter, and this was nobly slain—
"He died to win back another's wife!"
Till a murmur is begun,
And there steals an angry pain,
Against kings too forward in the strife.

There by Ilion's gate
Many a soldier sleepeth,—
Young men beautiful. Fast in hate
Troy her conqueror keepeth.

Orestes after Vengeance[1]

ORESTES: Behold your linkèd conquerors! Behold
My Father's foes, the spoilers of the fold!
Oh, lordly were these twain, when thronèd high,
And lovely now, as he who sees them lie
Can read, two lovers faithful to their troth!
They vowed to slay my father, or that both
As one should die, and both the vows were true!
And mark, all ye who hear this tale of rue,
This robe, this trap that did my father greet,
Irons of the hand and shackling of the feet!
Outstretch it north and south: cast wide for me
This man-entangler, that our Sire may see—
Not mine, but He who watcheth all deeds done,
Yea, all my mother's wickedness, the Sun—
And bear me witness, when they seek some day
To judge me, that in justice I did slay
This woman: for of him I take no heed.
He hath the adulterer's doom, by law decreed.
But she who planned this treason 'gainst her own
Husband, whose child had lived beneath her zone—
Oh, child of love, now changed to hate and blood!—
What is she? Asp or lamprey of the mud,
That, fangless, rotteth with her touch, so dire
That heart's corruption and that lust like fire?
Woman? Not woman, though I speak right fair.
(*His eyes are caught by the great red robe.*)
A dead man's winding-sheet? A hunter's snare?
A trap, a toil, a tangling of the feet. . . .

I think a thief would get him this, a cheat
That robs the stranger. He would snare them so,
And kill them, kill them, and his heart would glow. . . .
Not in my flesh, not in my house, O God,
May this thing live! Ere that, Oh, lift thy rod
And smiting blast me, dead without a child!

(*He stops exhausted.*)

CHORUS: O deeds of anger and of pain!
O woman miserably slain!
Alas! Alas!
And he who lives shall grieve again.

ORESTES: Did she the deed or no? This robe defiled
Doth bear me witness, where its web is gored,
How deep the dye was of Aegisthus' sword;
And blood hath joined with the old years, to spoil
The many tinctures of the broidered coil.
Oh, now I weep, now praise him where he died,
And calling on this web that pierced his side. . . .
Pain, pain is all my doing, all my fate,
My race, and my begetting; and I hate
This victory that sears me like a brand. . . .

CHORUS: No mortal thro' this life shall go
For ever portionless of woe.
Alas! Alas!
It comes to all, or swift or slow.

ORESTES: Yet wait: for I would have you understand. . . .
The end I know not. But methinks I steer
Unseeing, like some broken charioteer,
By curbless visions borne. And at my heart
A thing of terror knocketh, that will start
Sudden a-song, and she must dance to hear.
But while I am still not mad, I here declare
To all who love me, and confess, that I
Have slain my mother. . . . Here ye see me, how

I go prepared, with wreaths and olive bough,
To kneel in supplication on the floor
Of Loxias, touch the fire that evermore
Men call the undying, and the midmost stone
Of earth, flying this blood which is mine own.
And how these evil things were wrought, I pray
All men of Argos on an after day
Remember, and bear witness faithfully
When Menelaus comes. . . . And take from me,
Living or dead, a wanderer and outcast
For ever, this one word, my last, my last. . . .

LEADER: Nay, all is well. Leave no ill omen here,
Nor bind upon thy lips the yoke of fear.
All Argos thou hast freed, and with one sweep
Two serpents' heads hurled reeking to the deep.

ORESTES (*overcome with sudden terror*): Ah! Ah!
Ye bondmaids! They are here: like Gorgons, gowned
In darkness; all bewreathed and interwound
With serpents! . . . I shall never rest again.

LEADER: What fantasies, most father-loved of men,
Haunt thee? Be strong, thou conqueror! Have no fear!

ORESTES: These are no fantasies. They are here; they
are here,
The Hounds of my dead Mother, hot to kill.

LEADER: The blood upon thine hand is reeking still:
For that the turmoil in thy heart is loud.

ORESTES: O Lord Apollo! More and more they crowd
Close, and their eyes drip blood, most horrible!

LEADER: One cleansing hast thou. Loxias can quell
Thy tempest with his touch, and set thee free.

ORESTES: You cannot see them. I alone can see.
I am hunted. . . . I shall never rest again.

[*Exit.*

The Furies Bless Athens

AHOME with Pallas shall be mine.
I will not give this City nay,
The Fort of Heaven, which Zeus divine
And faithful Ares hold in sway,
A shining loveliness to enfold
The altars of the gods of old.

For whom—so do I weave my prayer
And move with words of presage good—
All fortunes whereby life is fair,
Like springing fountains, up shall flood,
From Earth's deep-bosomed caverns won
By wooing of the enthronèd Sun.

No storm-wind—so I speak my prize—
Shall breathe the blight that poisoneth trees;
No burning things that blind the eyes
Of plants, shall pass her boundaries:
The groaning pest shall come not nigh,
Nor fruit upon the branches die.

The flocks shall browse in happy cheer,
And Pan, the Shepherd, guard them true,
With twofold increase, as the year
Repays her seeds in season due;
And deep-hid treasures of the ground
Shall be in God's due order found.

Let manhood's glory by no doom
Of death untimely be defiled;
Let life to maidens in their bloom
Bring each a lover and a child.
O whatsoever Gods have power,
And Fates eternal, grant this dower!

Ye Fates, our Mother's Sisterhood,
Assigners true to all that be,
To every house its ill and good,
To every hour its potency;
Righteous participants through all,
Of Gods the most majestical.

Let her who hungereth still for wrong,
Faction, in Athens ne'er again
Lift on the air her ravening song;
Let not the dust of Pallas' Plain
Drink the dark blood of any son
By fury of revenge fordone.

Rage not to smite the smiter, lest
By rage the City's heart be torn:
Bless him that blesseth: in each breast
So shall a single love be born,
And 'gainst Her foes a single hate.
This also maketh firm a state.

Ye folk within the wall, approved
To neighbour Jove's eternal eyes,
Ye lovers of the Well-beloved,
The Virgin Spirit, timely wise,
The wings of Pallas fold above you,
Therefore shall Zeus the Father love you.

All things within the Wall that dwell,
All gods and men, that are or were;
All life from Pallas' citadel
Which draws its being, I am here:
These Dwellers in your gates adore,
And fear the tides of Life no more!

Messenger's Speech: The Bacchae on the Mountain

OUR herded kine were moving in the dawn
Up to the peaks, the greyest, coldest time,
When the first rays steal earthward, and the rime
Yields, when I saw three bands of them. The one
Autonoë led, one Ino, one thine own
Mother, Agâvê. There beneath the trees
Sleeping they lay, like wild things flung at ease
In the forest; one half sinking on a bed
Of deep pine greenery; one with careless head
Amid the fallen oak leaves; all most cold
In purity—not as thy tale was told
Of wine-cups and wild music and the chase
For love amid the forest's loneliness.
Then rose the Queen Agâvê suddenly
Amid her band, and gave the God's wild cry,
"Awake, ye Bacchanals! I hear the sound
Of hornèd kine. Awake ye!"—Then, all round,
Alert, the warm sleep fallen from their eyes,
A marvel of swift ranks I saw them rise,
Dames young and old, and gentle maids unwed
Among them. O'er their shoulders first they shed
Their tresses, and caught up the fallen fold
Of mantles where some clasp had loosened hold,
And girt the dappled fawn-skins in with long
Quick snakes that hissed and writhed with quivering tongue.
And one a young fawn held, and one a wild
Wolf cub, and fed them with white milk, and smiled
In love, young mothers with a mother's breast
And babes at home forgotten! Then they pressed
Wreathed ivy round their brows, and oaken sprays
And flowering bryony. And one would raise
Her wand and smite the rock, and straight a jet

Of quick bright water came. Another set
Her thyrsus in the bosomed earth, and there
Was red wine that the God sent up to her,
A darkling fountain. And if any lips
Sought whiter draughts, with dipping finger-tips
They pressed the sod, and gushing from the ground
Came springs of milk. And reed-wands ivy-crowned
Ran with sweet honey, drop by drop.—O King,
Hadst thou been there, as I, and seen this thing,
With prayer and most high wonder hadst thou gone
To adore this God whom now thou rail'st upon!
Howbeit, the kine-wardens and shepherds straight
Came to one place, amazed, and held debate;
And one being there who walked the streets and scanned
The ways of speech, took lead of them whose hand
Knew but the slow soil and the solemn hill,
And flattering spoke, and asked: "Is it your will,
Masters, we stay the mother of the King,
Agâvê, from her lawless worshipping,
And win us royal thanks?"—And this seemed good
To all; and through the branching underwood
We hid us, cowering in the leaves. And there
Through the appointed hour they made their prayer
And worship of the Wand, with one accord
Of heart and cry—"Iacchos, Bromios, Lord,
God of God born!"—And all the mountain felt,
And worshipped with them; and the wild things knelt
And ramped and gloried, and the wilderness
Was filled with moving voices and dim stress.
Soon, as it chanced, beside my thicket-close
The Queen herself passed dancing, and I rose
And sprang to seize her. But she turned her face
Upon me: "Ho, my rovers of the chase,
My wild White Hounds, we are hunted! Up, each rod
And follow, follow, for our Lord and God!"
Thereat, for fear they tear us, all we fled
Amazed; and on, with hand unweaponèd

They swept like birds, by their own speed upborne,—
Beyond us, toward the plains of waving corn
That lie beside Asopus' banks, and bring
To Thebes the rich fruit of her harvesting.
On Hysiae and Erythrae that lie nursed
Amid Kithaeron's bowering rocks, they burst
Destroying, as a foeman's army comes.
They caught up little children from their homes,
High on their shoulders, babes unheld, that swayed
And laughed and fell not; all a wreck they made;
Yea, bronze and iron did shatter, and in play
Struck hither and thither, yet no wound had they;
Caught fire from out the hearths, yea, carried hot
Flames in their tresses and were scorchèd not!
The village folk in wrath took spear and sword,
And turned upon the Bacchae. Then, dread Lord,
The wonder was. For spear nor barbèd brand
Could scathe nor touch the damsels; but the Wand,
The soft and wreathèd wand their white hands sped,
Blasted those men and quelled them, and they fled
Dizzily. Sure some God was in these things!
And the holy women back to those strange springs
Returned, that God had sent them when the day
Dawned, on the upper heights; and washed away
The stain of battle. And those girdling snakes
Hissed out to lap the waterdrops from cheeks
And hair and breast.
Therefore I counsel thee,
O King, receive this Spirit, whoe'er he be,
To Thebes in glory. Greatness manifold
Is all about him; and the tale is told
That this is he who first to man did give
The grief-assuaging vine. Oh, let him live;
For if he die, then Love herself is slain,
And nothing joyous in the world again!

Oedipus Self-blinded[3]

LEADER: How shall I hold this counsel of thy mind
True? Thou wert better dead than living blind.
OEDIPUS: That this deed is not well and wisely wrought
Thou shalt not show me; therefore school me not.
Think, with what eyes hereafter in the place
Of shadows could I see my father's face,
Or my poor mother's? Both of whom this hand
Hath wronged too deep for man to understand.
Or children—born as mine were born, to see
Their shapes should bring me joy? Great God! To me
Joy is not, not in city nor in tower
Nor temple, from all whom, in this mine hour,
I that was chief in Thebes alone, and ate
The King's bread, I have made me separate
For ever. Nay, if any stop there were
To dam this fount that welleth in mine ear
For hearing, I had never blenched nor stayed
Till this vile shell were all one dungeon made,
Dark, without sound. 'Tis thus the mind would fain
Find peace, self-prisoned from a world of pain.
O wild Kithairon, why was it thy will
To save me? Why not take me quick and kill,
Kill, before ever I could make men know
The thing I am, the thing from which I grow?
Thou dead King, Polybus, thou city wall
Of Corinth, thou old castle I did call
My father's, what a life did ye begin,
What splendour rotted by the worm within,
When ye bred me! O Crossing of the Roads,
O secret glen and dusk of crowding woods,
O narrow footpath creeping to the brink
Where meet the Three! I gave you blood to drink.
Do ye remember? 'Twas my life-blood, hot
From mine own father's heart. Have ye forgot
What deed I did among you, and what new

And direr deed I fled from you to do?
O flesh, horror of flesh! But what is shame
To do should not be spoken. In God's name,
Take me somewhere far off and cover me
From sight, or slay, or cast me to the sea
Where never eye may see me any more.
What? Do ye fear to touch a man so sore
Stricken? Nay, tremble not. My misery
Is mine, and shall be borne by none but me.

Love, the Unworshipped

EROS, Erôs, who blindest, tear by tear,
Men's eyes with hunger; thou swift Foe, that pliest
Deep in our hearts joy like an edgèd spear;
Come not to me with Evil haunting near,
Wrath on the wind, nor jarring of the clear
Wing's music as thou fliest!
There is no shaft that burneth, not in fire,
Not in wild stars, far off and flinging fear,
As in thine hands the shaft of All Desire,
Erôs, Child of the Highest!

In vain, in vain, by old Alpheüs' shore
The blood of many bulls doth stain the river,
And all Greece bows on Phoebus' Pythian floor;
Yet bring we to the Master of Man no store,
The Keybearer, who standeth at the door
Close-barred, where hideth ever
The heart of the shrine. Yea, though he sack man's life
Like a sacked city, and moveth evermore
Girt with calamity and strange ways of strife,
Him have we worshipped never!

Farewell to Alcestis

DAUGHTER of Pelias, fare thee well,
May joy be thine in the Sunless Houses!
For thine is a deed which the Dead shall tell
Where a King black-browed in the gloom carouses;
And the cold grey hand at the helm and oar,
Which guideth shadows from shore to shore,
Shall bear this day o'er the Tears that Well,
A Queen of women, a spouse of spouses.

Minstrels many shall praise thy name
With lyre full-strung and with voices lyreless,
When mid-moon riseth, an orbèd flame,
And from dusk to dawning the dance is tireless;
And Carnos cometh to Sparta's call,
And Athens shineth in festival;
For thy death is a song, and a fullness of fame,
Till the heart of the singer is left desireless.

Would I could reach thee, oh,
Reach thee and save, my daughter,
Starward from gulfs of Hell,
Past gates, past tears that swell,
Where the weak oar climbs thro'
The night and the water!

Belovèd and lonely one,
Who feared not dying:
Gone in another's stead
Alone to the hungry dead:
Light be the carven stone
Above thee lying!

After the First Sin

THEN, then the world was changed!
And the Father,[4] where they ranged,
Shook the golden stars and glowing,
And the great Sun stood deranged
In the glory of his going.

Lo, from that day forth, the East
Bears the sunrise on his breast,
And the flaming Day in heaven
Down the dim ways of the West
Driveth, to be lost at even.

The wet clouds to Northward beat;
And Lord Ammon's desert seat
Crieth from the South, unslaken,
For the dews that once were sweet,
For the rain that God hath taken.

'Tis a children's tale, that old
Shepherds on far hills have told;
And we reck not of their telling,
Deem not that the Sun of gold
Ever turned his fiery dwelling,

Or beat backward in the sky,
For the wrongs of man, the cry
Of his ailing tribes assembled,
To do justly ere they die!
Once, men told the tale, and trembled;

Fearing God, O Queen: whom thou
Hast forgotten, till thy brow
With old blood is dark and daunted.
And thy brethren, even now,
Walk among the stars, enchanted.

Troy Twice Wrecked

[*Strophe.*

IN Salamis, filled with the foaming
Of billows and murmur of bees,
Old Telamon stayed from his roaming,
Long ago, on a throne of the seas;
Looking out on the hills olive-laden,
Enchanted, where first from the earth
The grey-gleaming fruit of the Maiden
Athena had birth;
A soft grey crown for a city
Belovèd, a City of Light:
Yet he rested not there, nor had pity,
But went forth in his might,
Where Heracles wandered, the lonely
Bow-bearer, and lent him his hands
For the wrecking of one land only,
Of Ilion, Ilion only,
Most hated of lands!

[*Antistrophe.*

Of the bravest of Hellas he made him
A ship-folk, in wrath for the Steeds,
And sailed the wide waters, and stayed him
At last amid Simoïs' reeds;
And the oars beat slow in the river,
And the long ropes held in the strand,
And he felt for his bow and his quiver,
The wrath of his hand.
And the old king died; and the towers
That Phoebus had builded did fall,
And his wrath, as a flame that devours,
Ran red over all;
And the fields and the woodlands lay blasted,

Long ago. Yea, twice hath the Sire
Uplifted his hand and downcast it
On the wall of the Dardan, downcast it
As a sword and as fire.

The Exiles[5]

BIRD of the sea-rocks, of the bursting spray,
O halcyon bird,
That wheelest crying, crying, on thy way;
Who knoweth grief can read the tale of thee:
One love long lost, one song for ever heard
And wings that sweep the sea.

Sister, I too beside the sea complain,
A bird that hath no wing.
Oh, for a kind Greek market-place again,
For Artemis that healeth women's pain!
Here I stand hungering.
Give me the little hill above the sea,
The palm of Delos fringèd delicately,
The young sweet laurel and the olive-tree
Grey-leaved and glimmering.
O Isle of Leto, Isle of pain and love;
The Orbèd Water and the spell thereof;
Where still the Swan, minstrel of things to be,
Doth serve the Muse and sing!

Homeward Bound

BEHOLD,
Two score and ten there be,
Rowers that row for thee,
And a wild hill air, as if Pan were there,
Shall sound on the Argive sea,
Piping to set thee free.

Or is it the stricken string
Of Apollo's lyre doth sing
Joyously, as he guideth thee
To Athens, the land of spring;
While I wait wearying?

Oh, the wind and the oar,
When the great sail swells before,
With sheets astrain, like a horse on the rein;
And on, through the race and roar,
She feels for the farther shore.

Ah me,
To rise upon wings and hold
Straight on up the steeps of gold
Where the joyous Sun in fire doth run,
Till the wings should faint and fold
O'er the house that was mine of old:

Or watch where the glade below
With a marriage dance doth glow,
And a child will glide from her mother's side
Out, out, where the dancers flow:
As I did, long ago.

Oh, battles of gold and rare
Raiment and starrèd hair,
And bright veils crossed amid tresses tossed
In a dusk of dancing air!
O Youth and the days that were!

Zeus

ZEUS! Zeus, whate'er He be,
If this name He love to hear
This He shall be called of me.
Searching earth and sea and air
Refuge nowhere can I find
Save Him only, if my mind
Will cast off, before it die,
The burden of this vanity.

One there was who reigned of old,
Big with wrath to brave and blast,
Lo, his name is no more told.
And who followed met at last
His Third-thrower, and is gone.
Only they whose hearts have known
Zeus, the Conqueror and the Friend,
They shall win their vision's end;

Zeus, the Guide, who made man turn
Thought-ward; Zeus, who did ordain
Man by Suffering shall Learn.
So the heart of him, again
Aching with remembered pain,
Bleeds and sleepeth not, until
Wisdom comes against his will.
'Tis the gift of One through strife
Lifted to the Throne of Life.

The Eternal Laws

TOWARD God's great mysteries, oh, let me move
Unstainèd till I die
In speech or doing; for the Laws thereof
Are holy, walkers upon ways above,
Born in the far blue sky;

Their father is Olympus uncreate,
No man hath made nor told
Their being; neither shall Oblivion set
Sleep on their eyes, for in them lives a great
Spirit and grows not old.

The Home of the Spirit

WHERE is the Home for me?
O Cyprus, set in the sea,
Aphrodite's home In the soft sea-foam,
Would I could wend to thee;
Where the wings of the Loves are furled,
And faint the heart of the world.

Aye, unto Paphos' isle,
Where the rainless meadows smile
With riches rolled From the hundred-fold
Mouths of the far-off Nile,
Streaming beneath the waves
To the roots of the seaward caves.

But a better land is there
Where Olympus cleaves the air,
The high still dell Where the Muses dwell,

Fairest of all things fair!
O there is Grace, and there is the Heart's Desire,
And peace to adore thee, thou Spirit of Guiding Fire!

A God of Heaven is he,
And born in majesty;
Yet hath he mirth In the joy of the Earth,
And he loveth constantly
Her who brings increase,
The Feeder of Children, Peace.

No grudge hath he of the great;
No scorn of the mean estate;
But to all that liveth His wine he giveth,
Griefless, immaculate;
Only on them that spurn
Joy, may his anger burn.

Love thou the Day and the Night;
Be glad of the Dark and the Light;
And avert thine eyes From the lore of the wise,
That have honour in proud men's sight.
The simple nameless herd of Humanity
Hath deeds and faith that are truth enough for me!

Escape

COULD I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,
In the hill-tops where the Sun scarce hath trod;
Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,
As a bird among the bird-droves of God!
Could I wing me to my rest amid the roar
Of the deep Adriatic on the shore,

Where the waters of Eridanus are clear,
 And Phaëthon's sad sisters by his grave
Weep into the river, and each tear
 Gleams, a drop of amber, in the wave.

To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,
 The Apple-tree, the singing and the gold;
Where the mariner must stay him from his onset,
 And the red wave is tranquil as of old;
 Yea, beyond that Pillar of the End
 That Atlas guardeth, would I wend;
Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth
 In God's quiet garden by the sea,
And Earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth
 Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

NOTES

[1] Clytemnestra with her paramour Aegisthus murdered her husband, Agamemnon, entangling him in a great crimson robe. Her son Orestes slays the murderers as commanded by Apollo, but is haunted by the Furies.

[2] Orestes is pardoned by the Will of Zeus, after purification and suffering: the Furies are turned to spirits of blessing.

[3] Oedipus, seeking to save Thebes from a curse caused by the presence of an unknown criminal who pollutes the earth, finds that he is the man. He has unknowingly committed parricide and incest. Therefore he blinds himself and dooms himself to exile. (He had been exposed as an infant on Mt. Kithairon.)

[4] Zeus, the Father of Gods and men: the Roman Jove.

[5] This chorus is sung by Greek slave-women, exiled among the Tauri on the Black Sea.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

HIPPOLYTUS (28th thousand).
BACCHAE (22nd thousand).
ELECTRA (35th thousand).
THE TROJAN WOMEN (34th thousand),
MEDEA (23rd thousand).
IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS (24th thousand).
RHESUS (9th thousand).
ALCESTIS (16th thousand).
THE FROGS OF ARISTOPHANES (19th thousand).
THE OEDIPUS OF SOPHOCLES (20th thousand).
THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS (7th thousand).
THE CHOEPHOROE OF AESCHYLUS (5th thousand).
THE EUMENIDES OF AESCHYLUS (4th thousand).
ANDROMACHE : an original play (3rd impression).

These are all published by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. Paper, 2s. net; cloth, 3 s net.

Also, NEFREKEPTA : an Egyptian story in verse.
CARLYON SAHIB : a play. Paper, 2s. net; cloth, 3s. net.

The Augustan Books of Poetry

(*First Series*)

Edited by Edward Thompson

(*First published during* 1925 *and* 1926)

Uniform with this volume

ROBERT BRIDGES
EDMUND BLUNDEN
RABINDRANATH TAGORE
RUPERT BROOKE
HILAIRE BELLOC
JOHN KEATS
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
G. K. CHESTERTON
WILLIAM BLAKE
JOHN DAVIDSON
J. C. SQUIRE
JOHN FREEMAN
ROBERT GRAVES
ANDREW MARVELL
OMAR KHAYYAM
RALPH WALDO EMERSON
JOHN DRINKWATER
A CHRISTMAS ANTHOLOGY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
WALT WHITMAN
SIEGFRIED SASSOON
A RELIGIOUS ANTHOLOGY
EDWARD SHANKS
DORA SIGERSON SHORTER
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
EDGAR ALLAN POE
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS
F. W. HARVEY
ANDREW LANG
LAURENCE BINYON
EDITH SITWELL
HUMBERT WOLFE
THOMAS CAMPION
BRET HARTE
ALICE MEYNELL
EDWARD THOMAS
MATTHEW ARNOLD
GILBERT MURRAY
MAURICE HEWLETT
EMILY BRONTË
WALTER DE LA MARE
MAURICE BARING
AUSTIN DOBSON
HENRY W. NEVINSON
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
WILLIAM CANTON
EDEN PHILLPOTTS
SIR EDMUND GOSSE
J. A. CHAPMAN
SIR WALTER SCOTT
AFTER TEA (A NURSERY ANTHOLOGY)
W. H. DAVIES
W. J. TURNER
ROBERT BURNS
J. K. STEPHEN

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
BILLING AND SONS, LTD., GUILDFORD AND ESHER